

SINFONÍA VISUAL

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<http://es.scribd.com/collections/4401446/Sinfonia-Visual>

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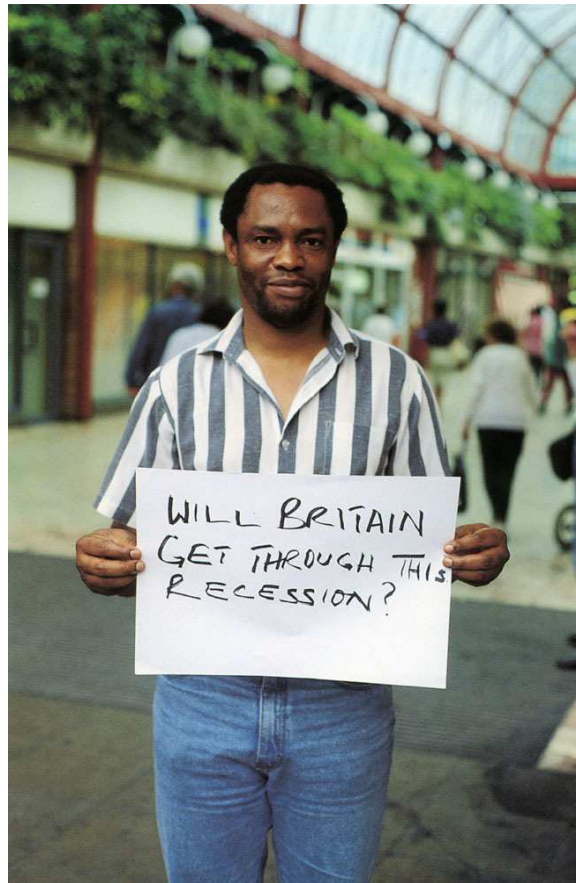


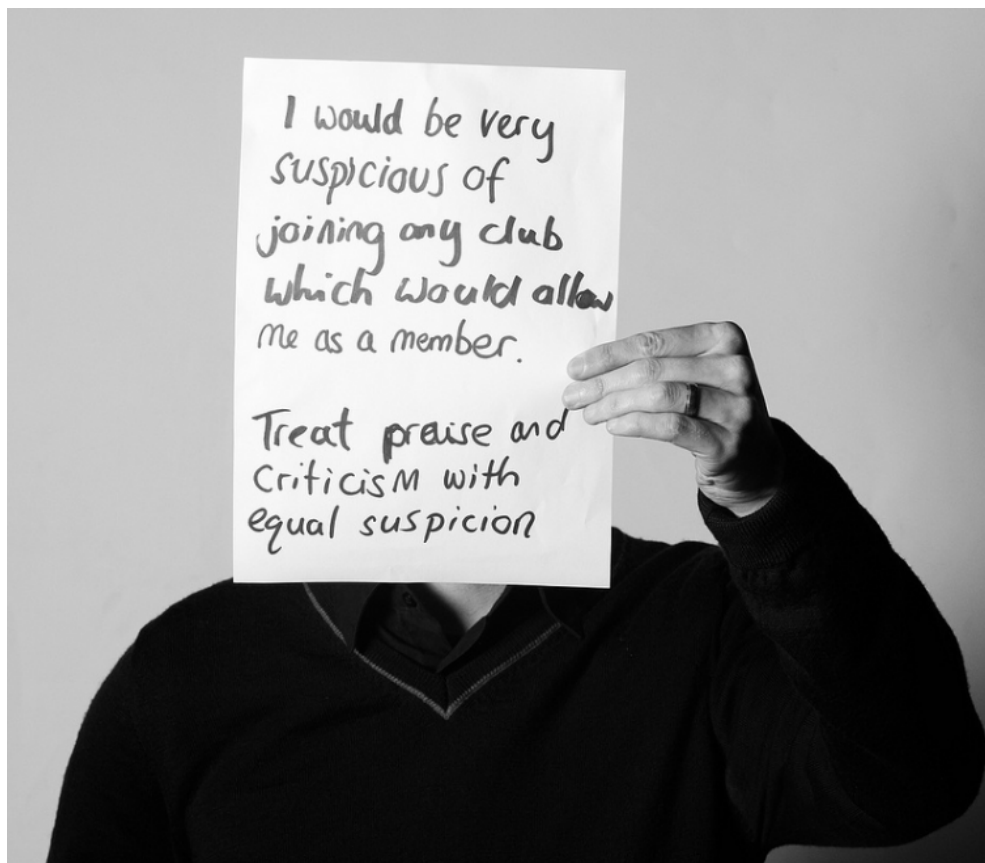


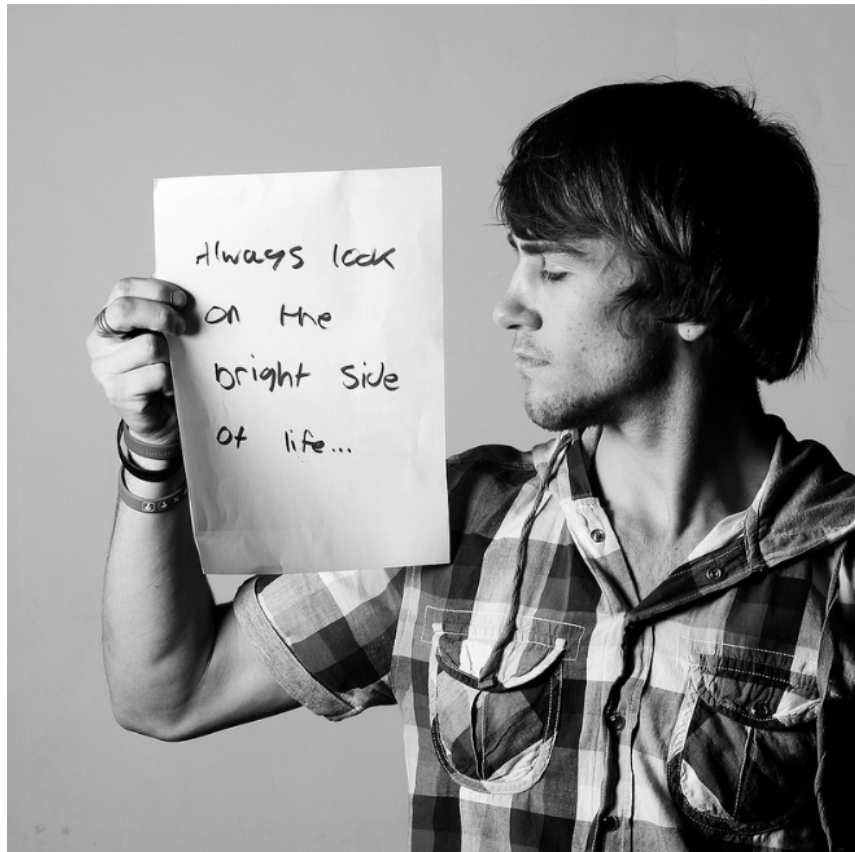




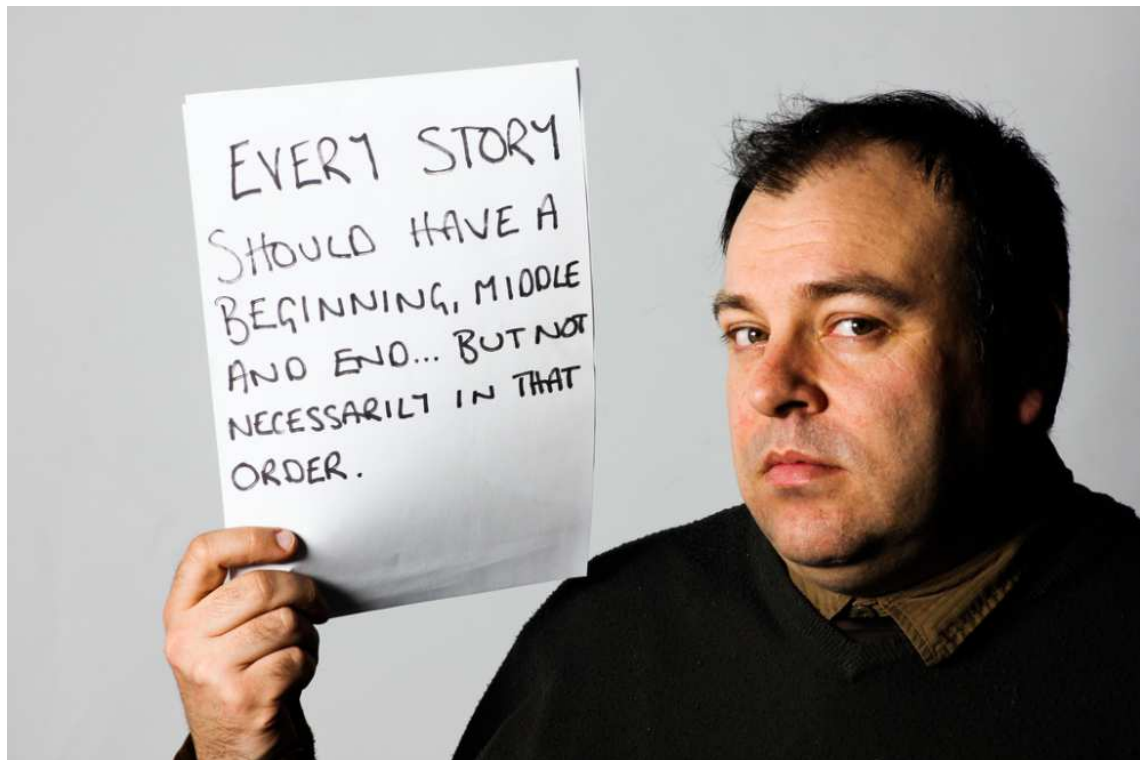












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I have been meaning to write and reply to your last e-mail for a while. At the same time, I thought it would be better to talk to you and tell you what I have to say out loud. Still, at least it will be written.

As you have noticed, I have not been quite right recently. As if I no longer recognised myself in my own existence. A terrible feeling of anxiety, which I cannot really fight, other than keeping on going on and on, as I always have done.

When we met you had said that I should not become the "fourth". I stood by that promise: it has been more than a year since I met the "others", because I obviously could find no way of seeing them without making you one of them.

I thought that would be enough. I thought that loving you and your love would be enough so that this "anxiety" which constantly drives me to look further afield and which means I will never be quiet and at rest or probably even be happy or "generous" – would be calmed when I was with you, with the certainty that the love you have for me was the best for me, that all I have ever had, you know that. I thought that my writing would be a remedy, that my "disquiet" would dissolve into it so that I could find you. But no. In fact it even became worse. I cannot even tell you the sort of state I feel I am in. So I started calling the "others" again this week. And I know what that means to me and the cycle that it will drag me into.

I have never lied to you and I do not intend to start lying now.

There was another rule that you laid down at the beginning of our affair: the day we stopped being lovers you would no longer be able to envisage seeing me¹. You know this constraint can only ever strike me as disastrous, and unjust (when you still see B and R ...) and understandable (eventually ...); so I can never become your friend. But now you can see how significant my decision is from the fact that I am prepared to bend to your will, even though there are so many things – "not seeing you or talking to you or catching the sight of you at people and things and your gentleness towards me – that I will miss terribly".

Whatever happens, remember that I will always love you in the same way, the way I have ever since I first met you,² that it will carry on within me and that I will never die. But it would be the worst kind of masquerade to prolong this pain now when you know as well as I do, it has become irreparable by the grandeur of the very love I have for you and you have for me, a love which is now forcing me to be so frank with you as final proof of what happened between us and will always be unique.

I would have liked things to have turned out differently.

Take care of yourself.















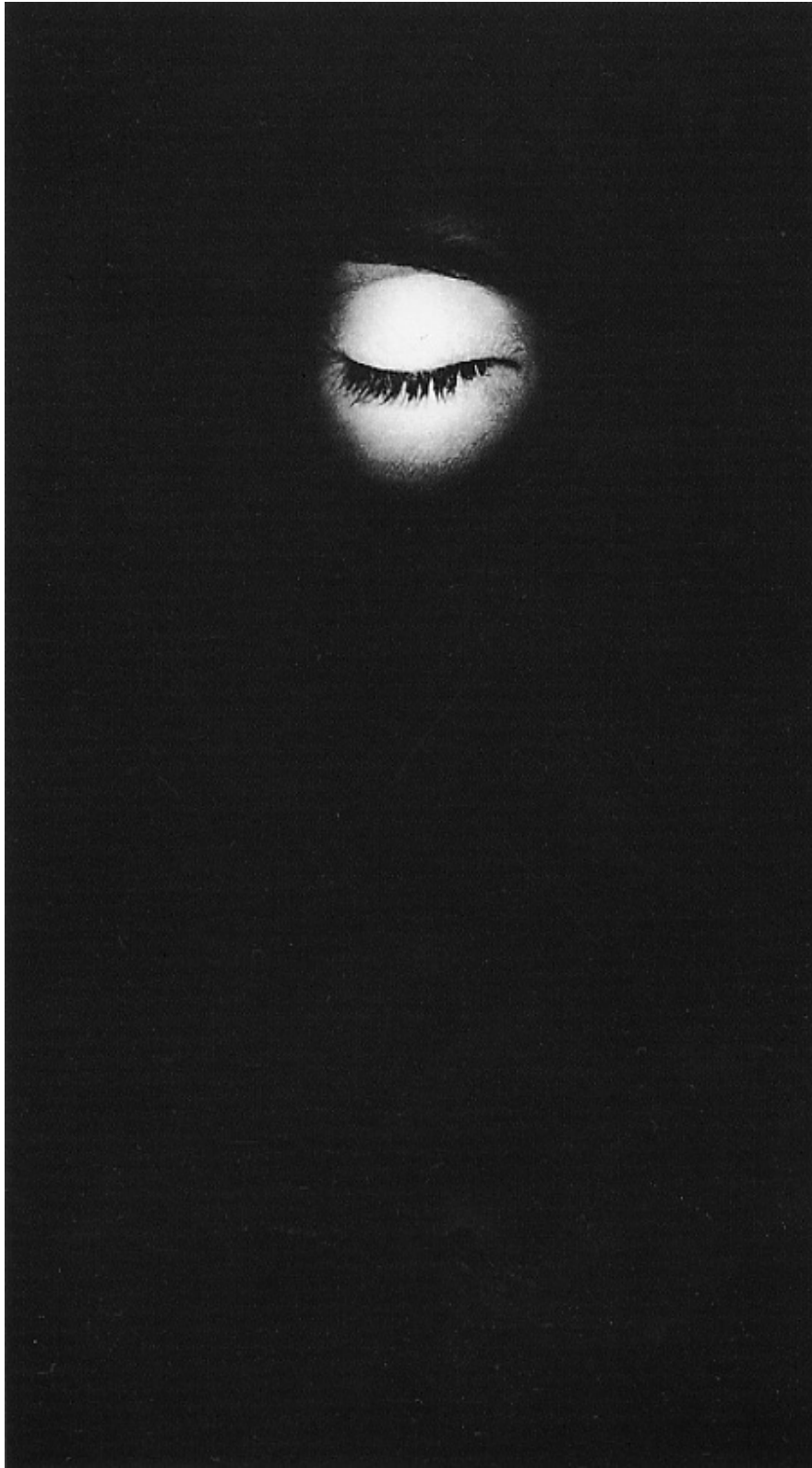






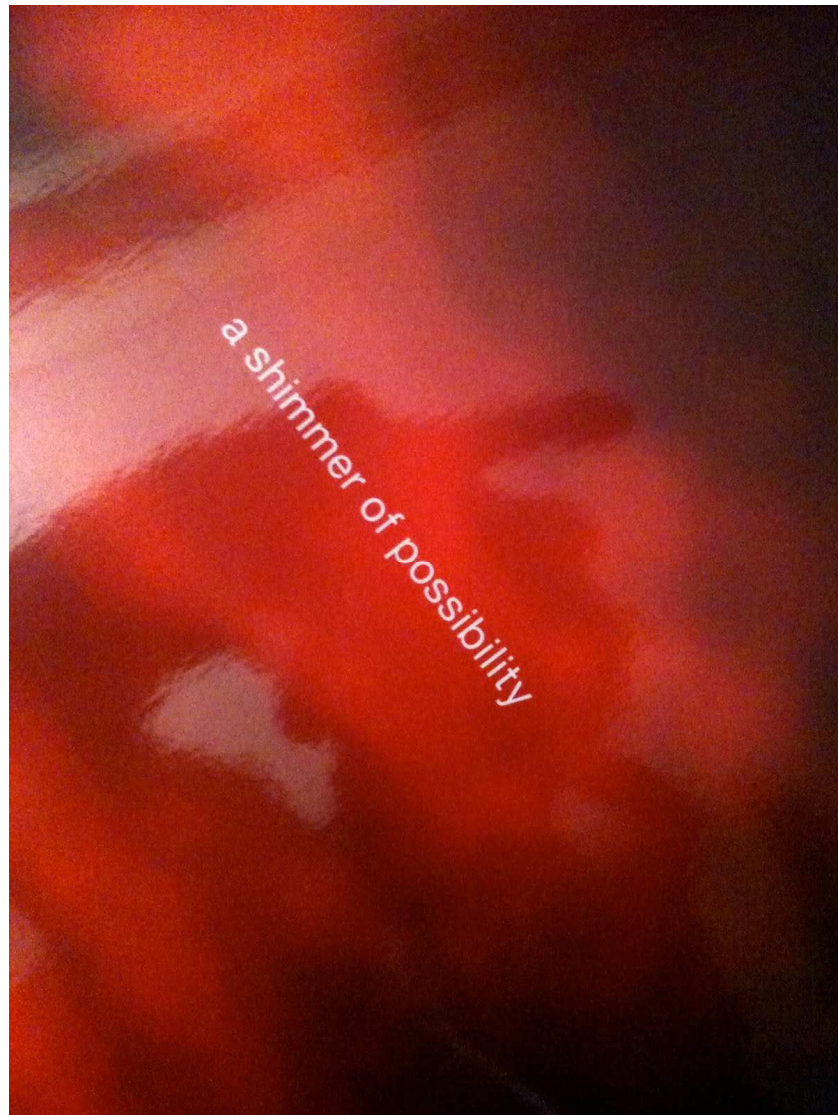
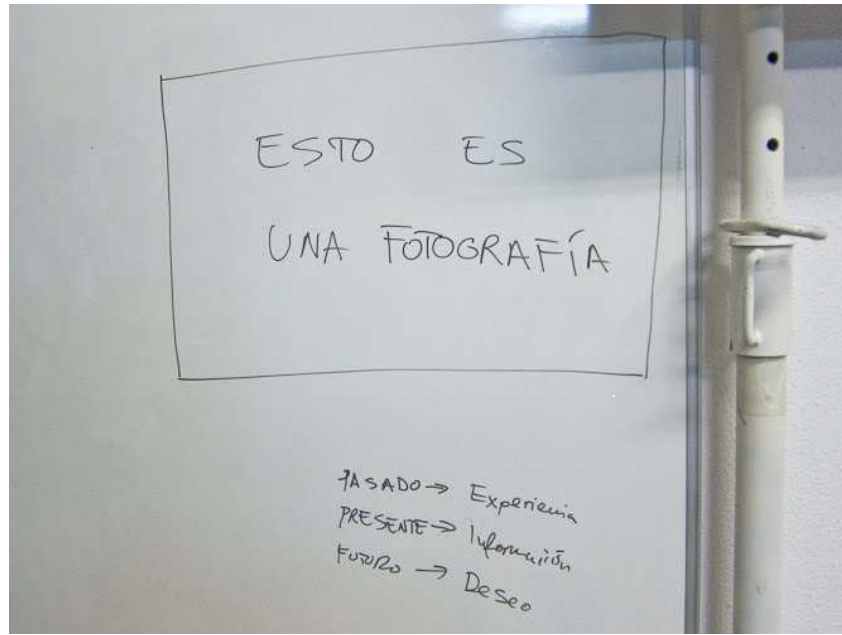


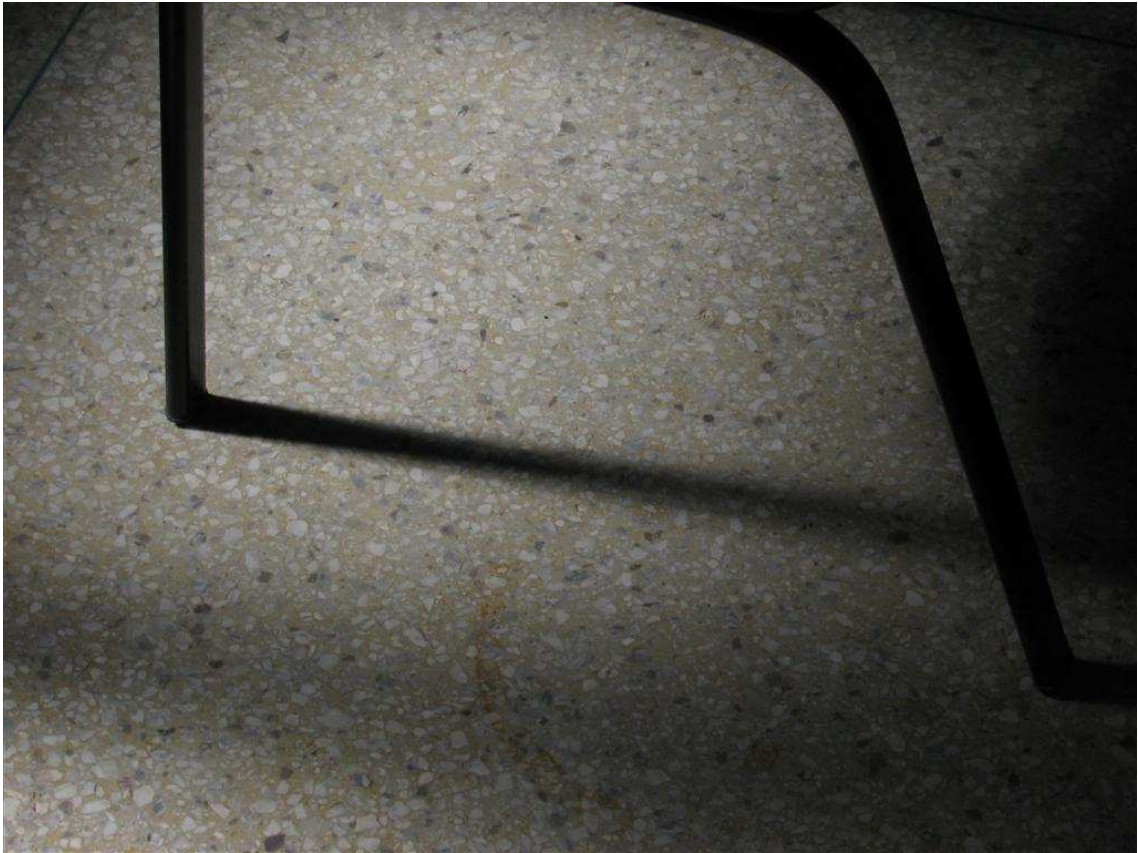




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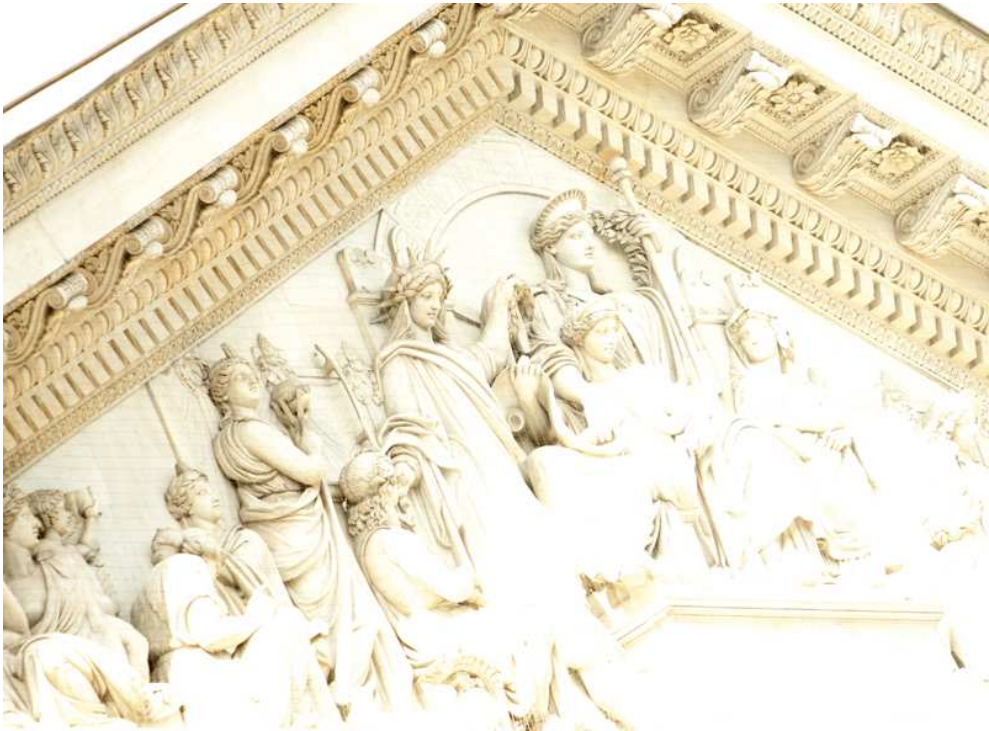








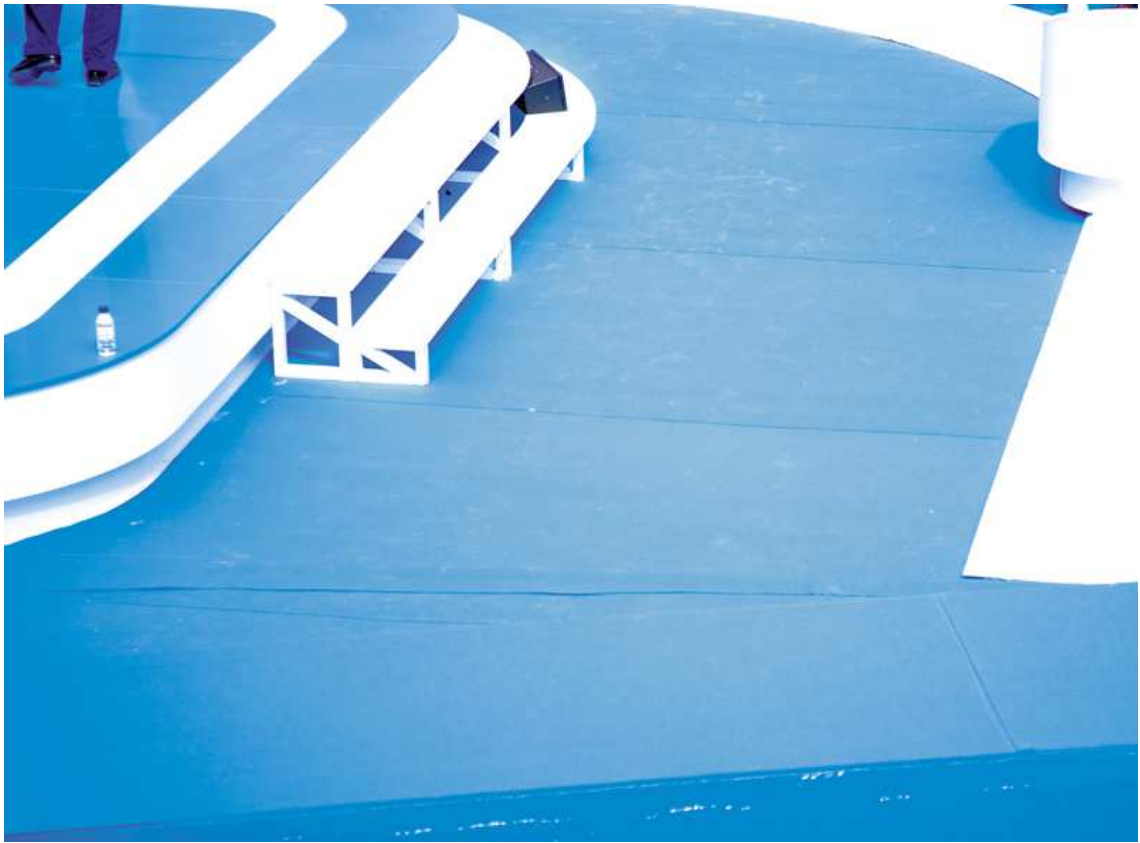








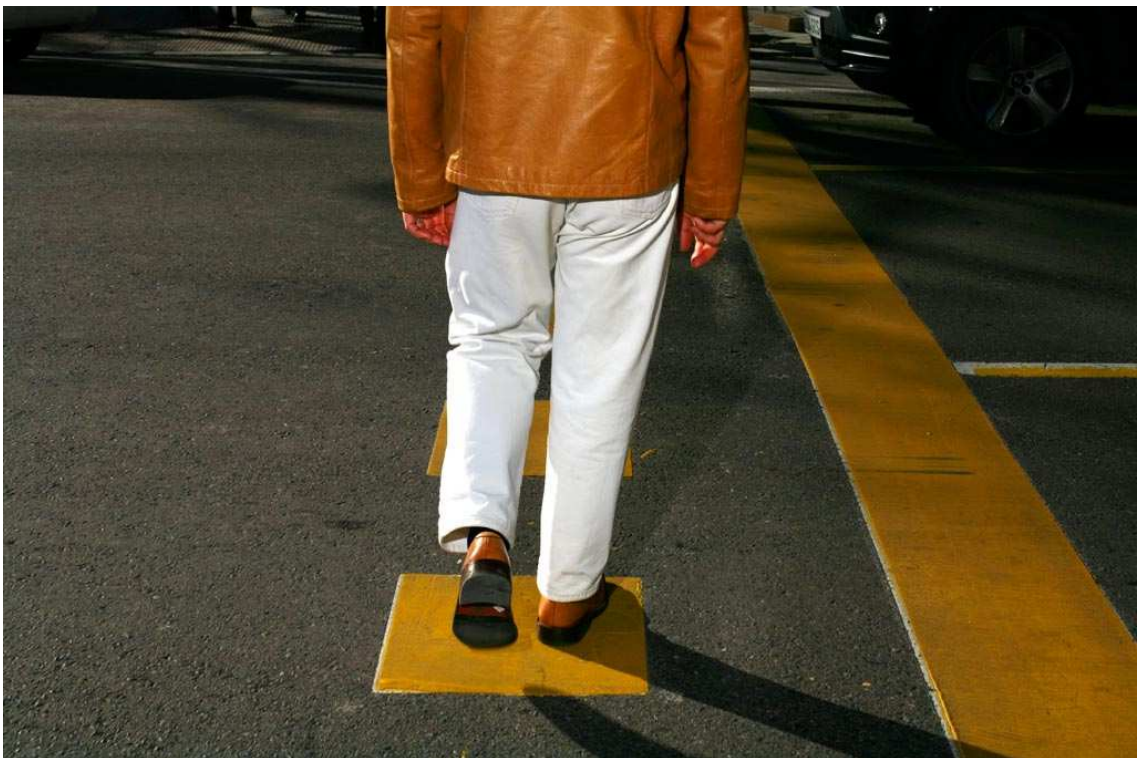


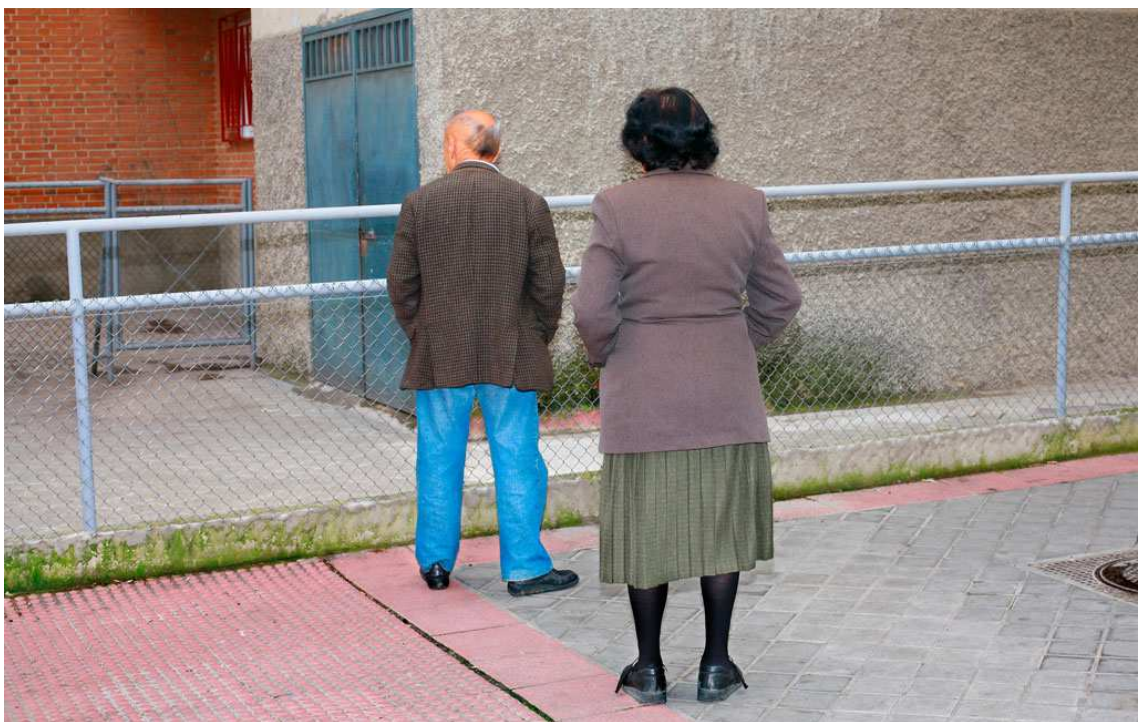


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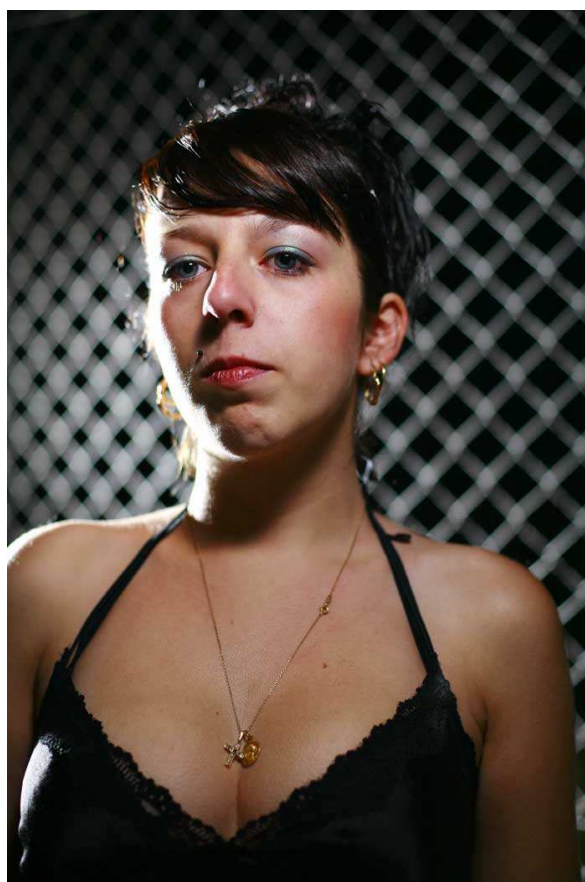


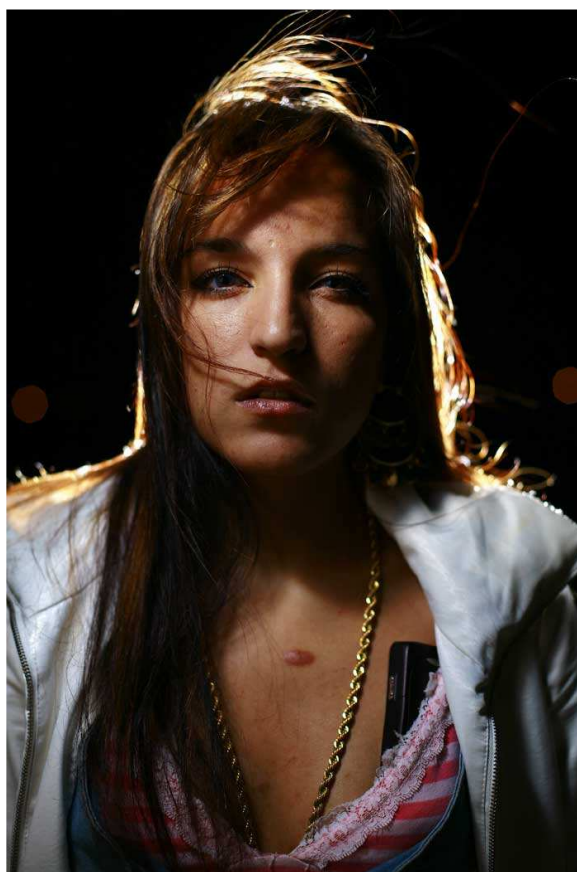




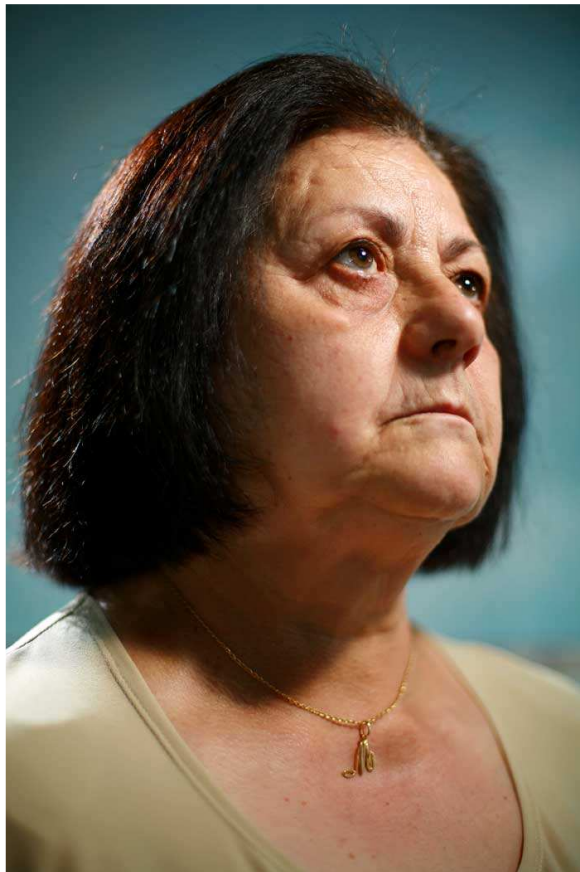


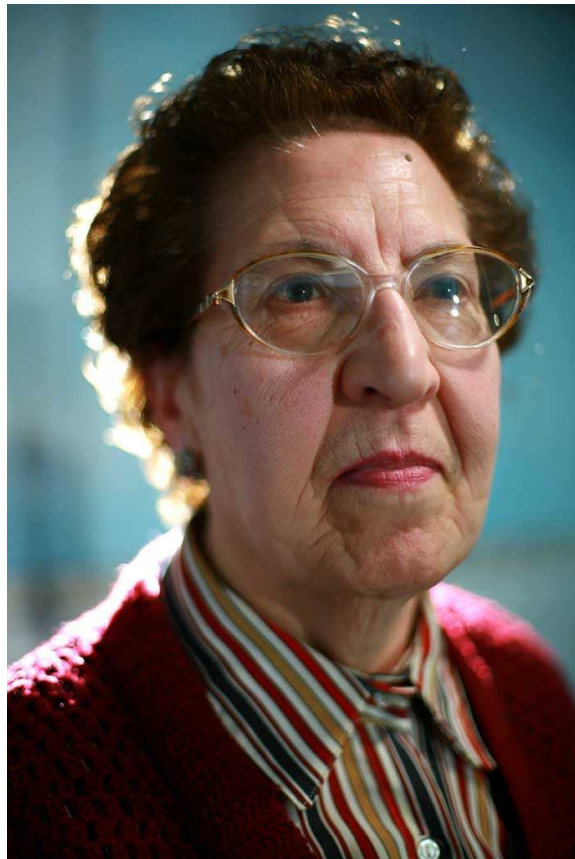












248 . MÁSCARAS			
1	Gillian W earing	CCXLVIII	32
2	Sophie C alle	CCXLVIII	26
3	Julián B arón	CCXLVIII	32
4	Ricardo C ases	CCXLVIII	30
4		30,00	120